

The Alleghanian.

J. TODD HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

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VOLUME 2.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1861.

NUMBER 41.

DIRECTORY.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "THE ALLEGHANIAN."

LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Post Office.	Post M. sters.	Districts.
Benn's Creek.	Joseph Graham.	Yoder.
Carrolltown.	Benjamin Wirtner.	Carroll.
Chesapeake.	Dani. Litzinger.	Chest.
Cresson.	John J. Troxell.	Washt'n.
Ellensburg.	Mrs. H. McCague.	Ebensburg.
Fallen Tinsler.	Isaac Thompson.	White.
Gallitzin.	J. M. Christy.	Gallitzin.
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Johnstown.	H. A. Boggs.	Johnst'n.
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Pershing.	Francis Clement.	Conem'gh.
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Whomart.	Andrew Beck.	S'mmerhill.

CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

Presbyterian—Rev. D. HARRISON, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 3 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock. A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 6 o'clock.

Methodist—Rev. J. SHANK, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath, alternately at 10 o'clock in the morning, or 7 in the evening. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock. A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening, at 7 o'clock.

Wesleyan—Rev. L. R. POWELL, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock. P. M. Prayer meeting on the first Monday evening of each month; and on every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evening, excepting the first week in each month.

Episcopal—Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock. A. M. Prayer meeting every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock. Society every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.

Disciples—Rev. W. LLOYD, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock.

Particular Baptists—Rev. DAVID JENKINS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock. P. M. Church—Rev. M. J. M'FARLAND, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock and Vespers at 4 o'clock in the evening.

EBENSBURG MAILS.

MAILS ARRIVE.

Eastern, daily, at 12 o'clock, noon.

Western, " at 12 o'clock, noon.

MAILS CLOSE.

Eastern, daily, at 4 o'clock, P. M.

Western, " at 4 o'clock, P. M.

The mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongstown, &c., arrive on Thursday of each week, at 5 o'clock, P. M.

Leave Ebensburg on Friday of each week, at 8 A. M.

The mails from Newman's Mills, Carrolltown, &c., arrive on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week, at 3 o'clock, P. M.

Leave Ebensburg on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 7 o'clock, A. M.

Post Office open on Sundays from 9 to 10 o'clock, A. M.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

WILMORE STATION.

West—Express Train leaves at 9.08 A. M.

" Mail Train " 8.17 P. M.

East—Express Train " 7.30 P. M.

" Fast Line " 12.35 P. M.

" Mail Train " 6.23 A. M.

[The Fast Line West does not stop.]

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judges of the Courts—President, Hon. Geo. Taylor, Huntington; Associates, George W. Taylor, Richard Jones, Jr.

Prothonotary—Joseph M'Donald.

Register and Recorder—F. Ward F. Lytle.

Sheriff—Robert P. Linton.

Deputy Sheriff—William Linton.

District Attorney—Philip S. Noon.

County Commissioners—Abel Lloyd, Storm, James Cooper.

Clerk to Commissioners—Robert A. M'Coy.

Treasurer—John A. Blair.

Poor House Directors—David O'Harro, Michael M'Guire, Jacob Horner.

Poor House Treasurer—George C. K. Zahm.

Poor House Steward—James J. Kaylor.

Mercantile Appraiser—H. C. Devine.

Assessors—Henry Hawk, John F. Stull, John S. Rhey.

County Surveyor—E. A. Vickroy.

Coroner—James S. Todd.

Superintendent of Common Schools—James H. Swank.

EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

Justices of the Peace—David H. Roberts, Harrison Kinkead.

Burgess—David J. Evans.

Town Council—Evan Griffith, John J. Evans, William D. Davis, Thomas B. Moore, Daniel C. Evans.

Clerk to Council—T. D. Litzinger.

Borough Treasurer—George Gurley.

Weigh Master—William Davis.

School Directors—William Davis, Reese S. Lloyd, Morris J. Evans, Thomas J. Davis, Hugh Jones, David J. Jones.

Treasurer of School Board—Evan Morgan.

Constable—George W. Brown.

Tax Collector—George Gurley.

Judge of Election—Meshac Thomas.

Inspectors—Robert Evans, Wm. Williams.

Assessor—Richard T. Davis.

THE ALLEGHANIAN—\$1.50 in advance

Select Poetry.

[From the Cincinnati Gazette.]

The Robin's Song.

BY LOUISE E. VICKROY.

Sings the robin sweet in the lilac tree,
And joyous and blithe is his minstrelsy.
I think what he tastes of the forest streams,
What his eye drinks in of the morning's beams,
What he knows of the dew pearls among the flowers,
In the glory and glow of spring's bright hours;
What the wild bees hum as they pass him by,
What the winds have told him about the sky;
His dreams, when the balmy night-long so fair,
The starlight is shimmering down the air;
And all that he wonders about the moon,
And all that he hopes for the nights in June,
Are blended, to make up his low-trilled tune.

Oh, sweet is the strain, but my eyes are dim
With gathering tears, as I listen to him;
For where is the joy in these glowing hours,
To me, in culling these forest flowers?
Flowers to be placed on a sister's breast,
Where she lies so fair in her coffin's rest.
Oh, robin, the stream where you leave your wing
By a new-made grave goes murmuring!
Oh, bees, swift flying from blossom to bell,
Your hum to me hath the sound of a knell!
Oh, ye wend-voiced winds, as ye hurry by,
Of your whence, and whither, the mystery
Falls cold on the spirit that asks, in vain,
For the dear voice hushed, the smile that again
Shall return no more, or, like fair, faint gleams
Of starlight, shall only return in dreams.

Fill'd is my heart with a bitter woe,
When I think of the June of a year ago,
And a bridal evening's moon-lit glow.
Sweet sister, bride with the pearly brow!
Blest sister, my angel sister now!
While the robin sings on the lilac spray,
Of all that he sang on your wedding-day,
Most dreary to us seems the earth, for we
But mourn for the beauty that died with thee.

JOHNSTOWN, Pa., April, 1861.

THE PRESIDENT JUDGESHIP.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN THE GENTLEMEN OF THIS JUDICIAL DISTRICT AND JUDGE TAYLOR.

March 21, 1860.

To Hon. Geo. Taylor, President Judge of the 24th Judicial District:

DEAR SIR—As the time for another election of Judges is approaching, the undersigned, members of the Bar within the District over which you preside, having, in common, as we believe, with the public at large, entire confidence in your capacity, integrity, and impartiality as a Judge, address you with the view of obtaining your consent to be a candidate for re-election, without respect to party.

In thus asking you to be a candidate, we believe we express the general wish of the citizens of the District, of all parties.

Respectfully, yours, &c.,

HUNTINGDON COUNTY BAR.

R. Milton Speer, John Scott, Wm. P. Orison, J. Sewell Stewart, J. D. Campbell, John W. Mattern, William Dorriss, Jr., A. W. Benedict, David Blair, J. Geo. Miles, W. H. Woods.

BLAIR COUNTY BAR.

E. Hammond, R. A. M'Murtrie, John Cresswell, Jr., Samuel Calvin, Aug. S. Landis, D. J. Neff, L. H. Williams, Louis W. Hall, Samuel S. Blair.

CAMBRIA COUNTY BAR.

A. Koppin, John H. Barnes, M. Cannon, Cyrus L. Pershing, T. L. Heyer, M. D. Magehan, M. Hasson, J. H. Campbell, W. A. Murray, Joseph M'Donald, John Fenlon, Geo. M. Reed, Charles D. Murray, S. B. M'Cormick.

REPLY OF JUDGE TAYLOR.

Huntingdon, May 18, 1861.

To the Members of the Bar of Huntingdon, Blair, and Cambria counties:

GENTLEMEN—Your communication, handed to me a month ago, owing to the absorbing excitement since pervading the country, upon a subject vastly more interesting to us all, has remained, to the present time, unanswered. To the request contained in it, I now reply at once and frankly, that, since neither my age nor my circumstances, my duty to my family or to the public, permits me to entertain a thought of retiring from active life, and as I have no inclination to return to the practice of the law, I am willing to be a

candidate for re-election to the office I now hold.

It accords also with my views and desire to come before the people in the attitude suggested. There is a prevalent and growing public sentiment, in which I heartily participate, that a Judge should not be a politician; and that contests for judicial offices, as far as it is practicable, should be kept clear of party politics. It is gratifying to our sense of propriety to observe one whose office it is to administer justice with a steady and impartial hand between persons of all parties and classes descending into the arena of local partisan strife; nor can it, in the nature of things, ever happen without impairing, to some extent, public confidence in his entire independence and impartiality as a Judge. I announce myself, therefore, in compliance with the request contained in your letter before me, as a candidate for the office of President Judge of the twenty-fourth Judicial District, "without regard to party."

I would be doing violence to my own feelings, however, gentlemen, and great injustice to you, were I to close with this direct and brief response to the request contained in your letter. It is a communication from the Bar of the district;—a district over the Courts of which I have presided for many years, and in which, during that time, a very large amount of judicial business, civil and criminal, much of it very important, has been transacted;—a district, ranking, in view of the amount and character of its business and litigation, among the most important in the State;—a District, too, in which, you will pardon me, gentlemen, for saying, it has always been my belief, without claiming any credit for it myself, causes are as carefully and well tried as in any other.

It is not only a communication from the Bar of the entire district, but one signed by all the gentlemen of the Bar within the several counties composing it, of all parties; some of whom are my professional seniors; with some of whom I started out in professional life; many of them young gentlemen who have come to the Bar since I have been upon the bench, and whose steady progress toward distinction, I have watched with pride;—and with all of whom I have enjoyed the most intimate and agreeable intercourse in the different relations in which we have met and mingled. Such a call upon me, from such a source, is, itself, an expression of confidence and friendship, stronger and more expressive even than the language which you have employed to convey it; and which I have no words suitably to acknowledge. I value it, be assured, more highly than I would the nomination of any party convention, for the highest and most honorable office in the State; and I shall preserve and cherish your letter to the latest hour of my life, as the most valued monument I hope to leave behind me.

Your generous friendship has doubtless, gentlemen, induced an oversight of many faults and deficiencies of which I am very sensible, and which cannot have escaped your notice. I am conscious of having, during my term of office drawing near to a close, committed many errors. You are right, however, when you accord to me, and I believe also in the opinion expressed that the people of the District, of all parties, accord to me, strict impartiality and integrity of purpose in the performance of my judicial duties. As to the latter, no one occupying any public place, is entitled to any special credit for habitually intending to do what is simply and only his duty; nor is it to be forgotten that the strongest motive which can actuate a Judge is to be right always if he can. I have here only stood in my lot with my judicial brethren of the State; while it is not, as I suppose, ascribable to any superior or personal merit in those of the legal profession who have been called to exercise judicial functions, that the entire judiciary of Pennsylvania has ever, in this respect, stood above and beyond reproach or suspicion. With respect to the other quality referred to, if there is any one qualification of a Judge which, among many conscious deficiencies, I feel that I might venture to claim, it is the power of holding up a question and viewing it steadily in all its aspects, without thinking, for the time, who are the parties interested, or how they will be affected by the decision. I am not conscious of ever having felt the temptation to allow the weight of a feather in any judgment, to the social position, political predilections, or religious faith of the parties before the court, or of their counsel.

I have only, in conclusion, gentlemen, to repeat my grateful acknowledgment and appreciation of your kind partiality, and to pledge myself that, should it result in my re-election, and God should spare my life to the commencement of another judicial term, I will endeavor to bring all my energies to the discharge of the high,

responsible and arduous public duties devolving upon me under a new commission.

I am, gentlemen,

Very respectfully and truly,

Your friend and ob't. serv't.,

GEO. TAYLOR.

A Private Room.

One particularly dark, damp, dull, drizzly and disagreeable day in the latter part of November, a tall, gaunt, queer-looking customer, dressed in a blue coat with brass buttons, with yellow striped pantaloons and calfskin terminations, sat solitary and alone in a little room situated in a certain little restaurant in a particular city.

Before him was a little round table, on whose marble top was "not a little" pitcher of smoking punch, screeching hot, and a wine glass. The solitary individual was—York, nothing else—and that was his second pitcher—nigh his second empty. One minute after and you couldn't have squeezed a drop out of either pitcher or glass by a hydraulic press.

York rang the bell. The waiter popped his head in at the door.

"Ring, sa?"

"Of course I did. Is it clearing off?"

"No, sa—damp, sa—fog so thick you could ladle it with a spoon, sa. Have anything, sa?"

"More punch, and strong."

"Yes, sa—immediately."

The waiter withdrew, and in a few seconds returned with the third pitcher of punch, and York was beginning to feel glorious, when, on raising his eyes, he saw his own figure in a pier-glass opposite.

He rubbed his eyes again.

"By thunder!" said he, "here's some fellow sitting right before me. I'll swear there's impudence for you. This is a private room, for my own accommodation, sir!"

He waited a minute, expecting an answer, but his reflection only stared at him, and held its peace.

"I was saying, sir, that this is my private room—mine, sir!" cried York, fetching his voice an octave higher than it was before.

No answer, and he rang furiously. The waiter made his appearance again.

"Ring, sa?"

"Yes, I did ring. Didn't I ask for a private room?"

"This is a private room, sa."

"It is? Why there's a fellow sitting right opposite me, on the other side of the table. Rot his impudence!"

"Table, sa—follow, sa?"

"Yes, there is. Well, just never mind. Bring in some more punch, and a couple of glasses."

In a very short time, the fourth pitcher, with two glasses, made their debut.

York filled one of the glasses, and then shoved it over to 'other side of the table.

"Will you drink?" said he, addressing the figure in the glass.

"Oh, you won't, eh? Well, I—I will."

And sa he did.

"Better drink, old fellow," continued York; "your liquor is getting cold, and you look as if you were fond of the thing."

No answer being returned, York rang the bell again.

In popped the waiter.

"Ring, sa?"

"To be sure I did. Didn't you hear the bell? Say; didn't I order a p-private room—eh?"

"Yes, so; this is a private room, sa."

"A pretty private room this, with a fellow sitting right opposite, that won't take a glass of punch with you when it's offered—and a red nosed man at that. Oh, well, never mind; bring more tumblers and more punch. I'll try him again."

Pitcher number five was accordingly brought in, with due state.

"B-b-better try some, old boy," said he, coaxingly, to his double.

The reflex merely looked good natured, but said nothing.

"Well," continued York, with a sigh, "if this isn't infamous. Never mind, I'll drink the punch!"

And so he did, every bit of it. About five minutes sufficed to end the pitcher.

York rang the bell superfluously.

Waiter came.

"Ring, sa?"

"Certainly. Why shouldn't I? Where's the man who k-keeps the place?"

"Boss, sa? I'll see him, sa."

Shortly after, the host, a quiet little man, with a mottled calico pattern face and a shining bald head, made his appearance.

"W-w-what's to pay?" demanded York, rising and assuming an air of dignity.

"Five punches—five levies, sir."

"There's the money, sir," said York, forking over the coin. "And now I want to know why, when I call for a private room, you put me in here with somebody else?"

"There's nobody here but you and I."

"Nobody! Do you think I can't see, D'ye think I'm drunk! There, look there. Two of 'em, by jingo!"

"Well, sir, I must confess, I can't see but as two."

"You can't, eh?" and York dragged the landlord to the table. "Look there, then; there's the rascal still, now. One of 'em is enough like you to be your brother—and th-the other is the most God-forsaken, mean looking white man I ever saw."

Get Money.

From the New York Ledger.

A good deal of cant is written and spoken respecting the zeal of mankind to make money. It is also stated very often, and accepted as a self-evident truth, that we, the people of United States, are more devoted to money-making than any other people in the world. Very well; suppose we are. It is only another way of saying that we surpass the rest of mankind in the virtues of energy and industry. We hold it to be the duty, as it is the instinct, of every man to make all the money he honestly can, and to save all the money he can properly afford to save.

The birds build their nests of sticks and straw, with much toil and instinctive skill. Every creature must have its nest, its lair, its den, and all creatures are endowed with the kind of abode that is suited to them. The nest constructing instinct is given to man also, and all of us, as soon as we are prepared to leave the parental nest, begin to think of getting one for ourselves. But man being the most ingenious and capacious of all animals, craves a residence fitted to his greatness and his dignity. Man's nest is a brown-stone house, three or four stories high, elegantly furnished, provided with all the requisites of decency and labor-saving convenience; or, it is a large, commodious farm-house, with a hundred acres of land adjoining. In the present imperfect state of the arts and of social science, all men cannot have such nests as these; but all well developed and healthy-minded men and women want such, feel they could adorn such, know that such would enhance their happiness. To try for such a nest is natural, right, and praiseworthy.

All the honest industry of man is directed to three objects, namely; getting a nest, improving the nest, and keeping the nest safe for old age. Who shall presume to call in question an instinct fixed in the nature of man by his creator?

Wealth is said to corrupt our species. We do not believe it. Wealth is one of the great civilizers of man. Wealth corrupts when it is suddenly got, or unjustly distributed; when, owing to monopolies or entails, or some other barbarous system, it is prevented from diffusing itself naturally and justly. Two of the over-rich families in a community of poverty-stricken wretches—that is indeed most corrupting; it corrupts equally those who have wealth and those who have not. But where all have an equal chance; where all start nearly even; where all have a certain degree of instruction to begin with, where superior skill and virtue alone give one man an advantage over another, there wealth is an unmixt blessing. In such communities (and there are many such in these States,) nearly every man has an abode suitable to his character, and that abode is safe.

We ought to rejoice that the desire of wealth is so universal and so strong. It keeps the vast machinery of the world going. It has suggested the most beneficent enterprises and the most useful improvements. We owe to it, the dramas of Shakespeare, the steam engine of Watt, Fulton's steamboat, and nearly every other great and good thing we possess. We owe to it the gratifying fact, that a man who can earn one dollar a day can be better lodged, better clothed, better taught, than kings and nobles could five hundred years ago.

Sir Walter Scott truly says that saving, not getting, is the mother of riches. This winter has taught many a young fellow what a capital thing it is to have a hundred dollars in the Savings' Bank. A hundred dollars is wealth to a young journeyman or clerk. He who has such a sum is a man; he who has no provision for the future is a serf; he must submit or starve. And everything that may be said of the advantages of a young man possessing that hundred dollars, applies with equal force to his employer's thousands, nay, with greater force, for on the right use, and safe possession, and proper increase of those thousands, depends the livelihood of many families.

Our advice to a young man entering life would be this; Preserve your integrity and self-respect, though you live all your life in a hovel. Next to that; make money and save it, for with money comes independence; with money men build

their nests and keep them safe. And he who has a nice, warm, pleasant nest can get a pretty bird to share it with him, and that converts brick and mortar into a happy home; and a happy home is the only thing worth living for; as well as the best preparation for another and a better.

POLITICALLY DEAD.—McG., an Alabama Marshall, arrived at Cleveland about two years ago, in search of a fugitive from justice. He put up at the Wendell House, and, during his stay there, had a difficulty with a person who roomed with him, one evening, on which McG. shot three times at his antagonist, slightly wounding him the third time. He was immediately arrested and put in jail. In the morning, the following scene took place in the prison:

A friend of the Marshal entered his cell and found him seated, his head resting on his hands, and looking like one who had entirely given up in despair.

"Come Mac," said the friend, "cheer up; the man is not hurt."

"Ruined, ruined, ruined!" groaned the Marshal, without even changing his position.

"Ruined! bah!" returned his friend; "don't be a child. I tell you the wound is but slight; besides, it is an aggravated case, and had you killed him you would not have been ruined!"

"I know it," said the Marshal, suddenly starting up; "but three times!—only think of it!—to shoot three times at a man, and not kill him! I am politically damned in Alabama!"

"JES ONE BITE."—While walking down State street recently, the subscriber came up with two negro boys, aged respectively ten and fifteen years. The younger one carried an apple in his hand and the elder one was using all his eloquence to obtain "jes one bite" of it.

"Well," said the younger one, firmly "I'll give you jes one bite, but don't take no more'n jes one bite."

The larger boy took the apple, opened a mouth that would have been creditable to a hundred-and-fifty pound fatfish and brought it down on the fruit, leaving a very small share on the other side.

"Jim!" said the little one, looking up at the operation with astonishment, "you take the apple, and give me the bite!"

Mrs. Hanson chanced to live in the vicinity of a theological seminary, and some of the students found her bright home a very agreeable change from their dreary bachelor rooms. A certain youth was accustomed to bore her with rather long visits; and as she saw him approaching one day, she exclaimed to her sister:

"Oh, there comes that everlasting Smith!"

In he came, and soon tried to ingratiate himself with her little son.

"You don't know who I am," said he, taking Master Edward on his knee.

"Oh, yes, I do," said the child, with a very positive air.

"Well, who am I then?"

"Oh, you are the everlasting Smith!"

An Ohio stumper, while making a speech, paused in the midst of it, and exclaimed: "Now, gentlemen, what do you think?"

Instantly a man rose in the assembly, and with one eye partially closed, modestly, with strong Scotch brogue, replied: "I think, sir, I do indeed, sir—I think if you and I were to stump the country together we would tell more lies than any other two men in the country, sir—and I'd not say a word myself during the whole time!"

"Put him out!"